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THE REAL

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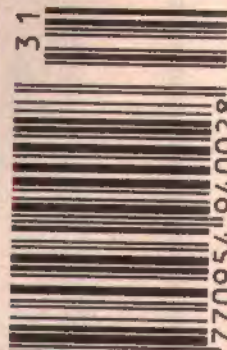
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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

WE MIGHT
JUST BE OUT-
NUMBERED
HERE, GUYS!

FREE!

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THE REAL

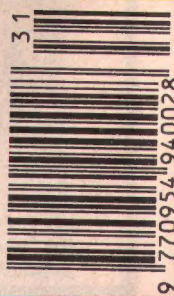
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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

WE MIGHT
JUST BE OUT-
NUMBERED
HERE, GUYS!

FREE!





Wow! You've asked for *more* free gifts and by jingo, that's what you're getting, in this *and* the next issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** If you carefully peel off the fantastic badge from the cover, you will see that the gang – Egon, Peter, Winston and Ray are about to face the challenge of their lives when they discover that yoghurt pots are a doorway for demonic invasion in **Yog Horror!**

Hip, hip, hooray – the circus is coming to town! But the horror is *in-tents* in the first part of an incredibly spooky tale entitled **Carnival!**

Don't forget to look out for next week's issue, when there will be a **FREE** Ghostbusters Sticker, but in the meantime why not enter our cool **Slush Puppie's** competition? You could win a fantastic **Raleigh** bike!

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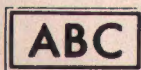
Slush Puppie's Competition

Dead True!

Carnival! – Part One

Next Week Box/ **Blimey! It's Slimer!**

Cover by **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



**PETER
VENKMAN**



**EGON
SPENGLER**



**RAY
STANTZ**



**WINSTON
ZEDDMORE**



**JANINE
MELNITZ**

SLIMER



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



THE REAL
MAGNIFICENT SEVEN!

AND SO THEY RODE INTO THE **BADLANDS**
TO SAVE THE LITTLE PEASANT VILLAGE...

GIT ALONG,
LIL' DOGIES!

WHAT'S A
DOGIE?

BEATS ME. IS HE
ALWAYS LIKE THIS,
SIGNOR?



...AND THEY MADE SOME STOPS ON THE WAY.

SAY, WE NEED A
FAST GUN TO
JOIN US ON A
POSSE.

YOU DON'T
SAY.

HOW MANY
DO YOU HAVE
SO FAR?

FIVE.



I JUST
DID.

CHACK!
CHACK!
CHACK!

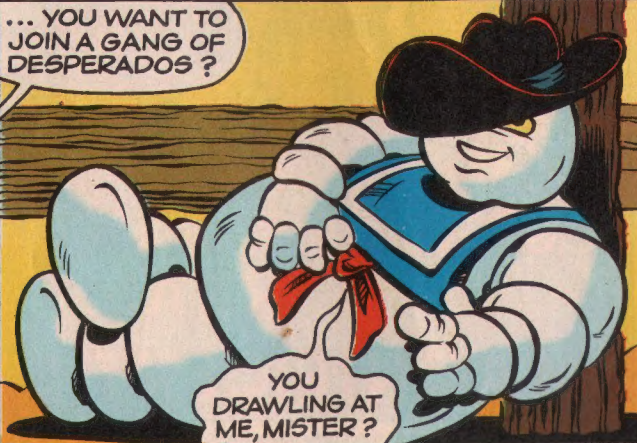


THEY RECRUITED
FAMOUS GUNMEN...
HEY, PARDNER ...

... YOU WANT TO
JOIN A GANG OF
DESPERADOS?

YES
SIRREE!

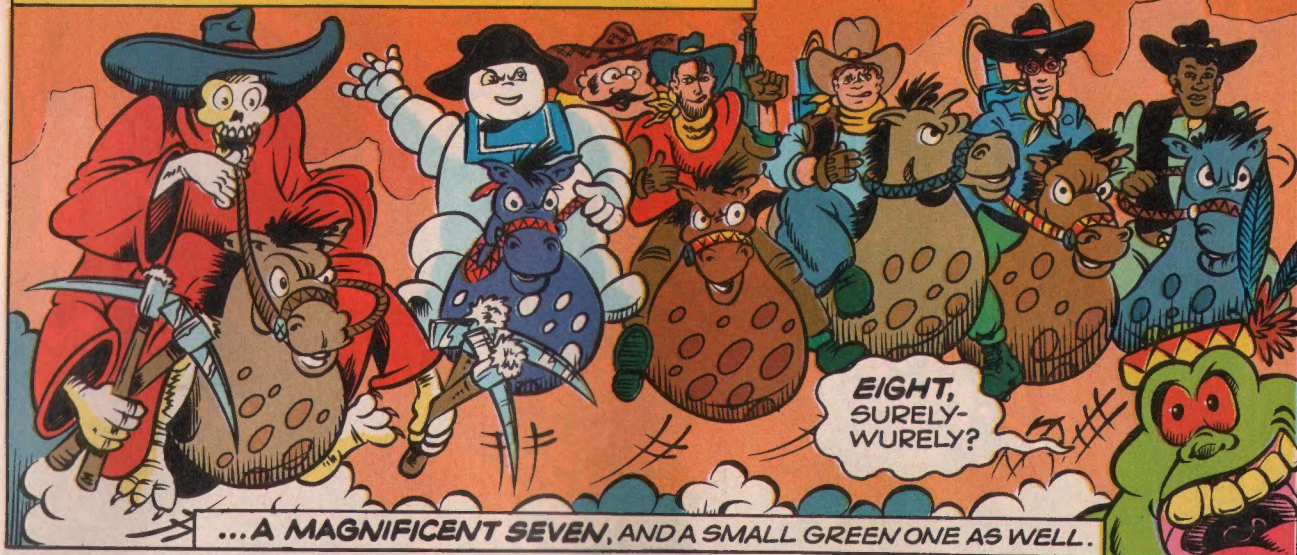
HOW MANY
YOU GOT?

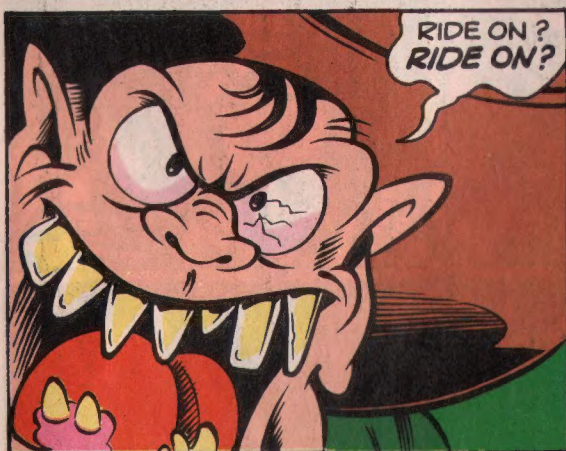


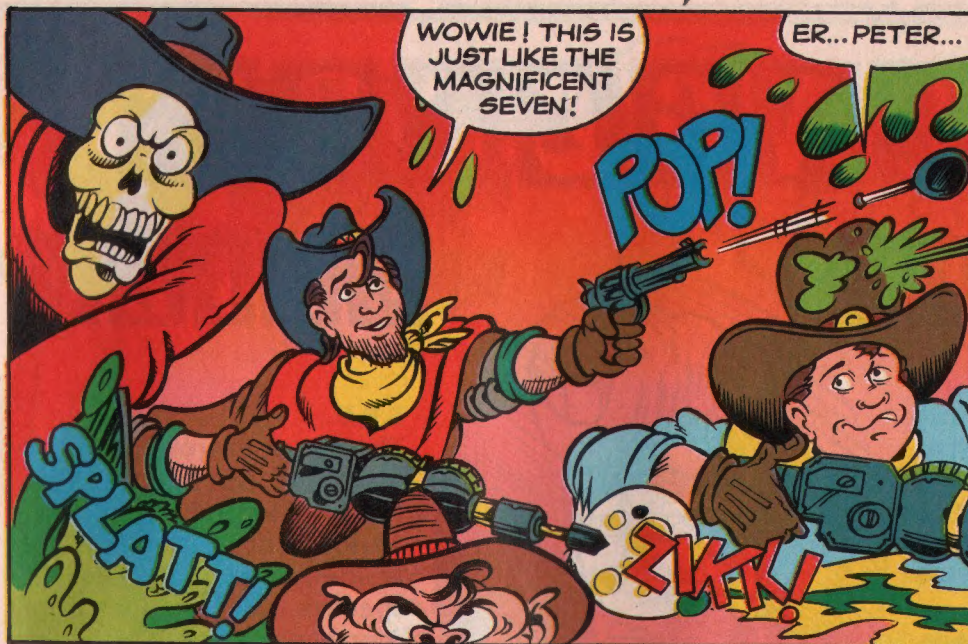
YOU
DRAWLING AT
ME, MISTER?



THEN THERE WERE SEVEN, A MAGNIFICENT SEVEN...







S P E N G L E R ' S

S P I R I T

G U I D E

A policeman's lot is not a happy one, especially when the officer concerned is somewhat spectral. Our world is often the beat of coppers who haven't yet realised they've hung up their whistle and truncheon for good. This week, some key examples of police-related hauntings:

Softly Softly

A particularly pitiable member of the ranks of the undead was said to haunt the station at Cowplaster, North Hunkerringdon, as recently as 1987. The haunting usually took place in the dead of night, when anybody working late felt a gentle tap on the shoulder followed by the whispered words 'Let's be having you, then, sunshine' after which ghostly footsteps could be heard running off in the opposite direction. The Cowplaster constabulary believe it to be the ghost of one PC Fotheringale who won the tri-county timidity cup nine years running by the simple merit of always being too scared to turn up for the event.

Karjack

This spook is a legend among the rank and file of the NYPD, thanks to his ceaseless devotion to the traffic department duties long after his accidental



P A R T 1 6 4

death during a high-speed ticket avoidance incident. So far, the ghost has slapped fines on two prams, a nun, nine hotdog stands and a bellboy, not to mention clamping the Mayor of New York whilst his honour was taking a bath.

Bobby Dazzler

An apparition of shimmering blue with a day-glo whistle, the so-called Bobby Dazzler has become a popular local attraction in the rural village of Booking-on-the-Offchance in Sirencester with his cheery 'Evenin' all', his friendly manner and his tendency to push cats up trees so that he can float by and rescue them later.

S.P.G.

The Spook Patrol Group has been set up by the Mid-Staffing-level Constabulary to look into claims by the residents in that area of spectres and other non-mortal problems. It was they who collared Spooky Jack, the ghostly Cat Burglar (and returned all the cats to their rightful owners), not to mention Old Nicked, the phantom con-artist of Little Sodbury, who used to pose as a travelling salesman in the line of his work, and posed as a fog on his days off. The S.P.G. have had a remarkable run of success too in stamping out the gremlin vandals that beset their local youth centre. The gremlins eventually said they'd knock it off if the S.P.G. would stop wearing hob nailed boots during the stampings.

I should mention the phantom Nee-nahs that are around at the moment. Watch out. These small, blue, flashing gremlins simply love crouching on the top of any white cars passing and shrieking 'Nee nah nee nah' at the tops of their voices. Their last bout of hauntings caused a lorry carrying porcelain toilet fittings to lose its load. The S.P.G. are looking into it, but so far they say they have nothing to go on.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



How does Frankenstein sit?
Bolt upright!

Who won the monsters' beauty contest?
No one!

What do you call a nice, polite, kind and friendly monster?
A terrible failure!
— Irfan Merali, Chelmsley Wood

What sort of cake would you find in the bath?
A sponge!
— Sarah Kent, Swanley

What sort of sweets do vampires like best?
Vaulteesers!

Who makes up ghost jokes?
A crypt writer!
— Ruairie Barry, Ireland

WIN THE ADVENTURE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME!

Enid Blyton
THE FAMOUS FIVE

OF A LIFETIME!

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You can meet new friends, enjoy new adventures and learn new skills – (from pony-trekking to abseiling, drama to nature watch, watersports to motorsports) – and a host of other activities too!

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RULES OF ENTRY

1. Send in your own picture (using crayons, paints, pens, pencils or any other medium – any size up to 12" x 18") and put on the back your name, age, address and the signature of a parent or guardian if you are under 16.
2. Entries are limited to one per person, resident in the UK.
3. Entries should be sent to: 'The Famous Five' Adventure Competition, Hodder and Stoughton Children's Books, 47 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3DP.
4. Entries must be received before October 31st 1991.
5. Winners will be notified by post no later than December 31st 1991.
6. Holidays to be taken between March and August 1992 at a centre of PGL's choice.
7. Hodder and Stoughton cannot accept responsibility for lost entries, however arising.
8. Entrants will be judged on the way they have interpreted the scene. Age will be taken into consideration.
9. The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
10. Not open to employees of Hodder and Stoughton or their families.
11. The names of winners will be available from the competition address after December 31st 1991.
12. No cash alternative or substitute prize is available.



Hodder & Stoughton Publishers



YOG HORROR!

When you're surrounded by more ghosts than you've ever seen before, and you are The Real Ghostbusters, who are you going to call?

ECTO-1's siren cut through the night air like a knife as it lurched up the driveway of Tremayne Mansion in New Jersey. "Mind how you drive!" said Egon, studying a new hand-held instrument that started clicking wildly. "The slightest jolt could make this new PKE Ghost Counter quite useless."

Peter snorted. "But we usually know how many ghosts we're up against before we go into a bust anyway," he said.

"C'mon Peter," Winston protested from the back seat. "How many times have we been called back to a place that's had more than its fair share of spooks, just to finish off one straggling Class three poltergeist that managed to dodge us?"

"More than I can count," said Ray, "and it's not as if the customer pays us any extra for another bust. Remember that toy and game store on Fifth Avenue that always seems to attract demons? It's getting so the manager thinks we're *putting* them there so he has to keep hiring us!"

"That's not a bad idea," grinned Peter as he pulled ECTO-1 to a halt outside the dark, rambling mansion. "The Containment Unit must be getting pretty full after over three years of continuous ghost busting. I'm a firm believer in recycling and..."

"Let's deal with these ghosts," Egon cut in, gesturing towards the open front door of the mansion, "then you and I are going to have a long discussion about ethical business practise, Peter."

Peter shrugged and got out of the car, to be greeted with a squeal for help from an upstairs window, which sounded rather like "Helpmeeeeethey'vegotmylegsooooo-eeeeek!" followed by a more drawn out squelching sound. As the others checked over their Proton Packs and Guns, Egon held his new Ghost Counter up to the mansion. "The owner of this place is one

Thomas Tremayne the Fifth, collector of Cthullu memorabilia and yoghurt cartons," he stated. "He called in about an hour ago relating a story of some sort of dimensional gateway from a 1968 yoghurt that he'd left in the back of his fridge by accident."

"Yoghurt cartons?" exclaimed Peter.

"Everyone needs a hobby," said Winston.

"What sort of Cthullu memorabilia?"

"Everything possibly related to that particular type of demon," replied Egon.

"Which could mean that the mansion has become a veritable storehouse of paranormal energies."

"Yeah, and a 1968 yoghurt carton just tipped the balance, letting them all run wild," said Peter, walking up to the front door, Proton Gun at the ready.

"Wait, Peter," shouted Egon, tapping his Ghost Counter. "The final figure hasn't come up, and—"

"There can't be *that* many ghosts, Egon!"

Peter replied, before stepping into the hallway and staring at the three huge demons that were marshalling several lesser ghosts through a glowing dimensional door that hovered above a yoghurt carton on the floor. Red skinned, huge horned, large toothed and with carefully manicured claws, they all turned at once and growled at Peter, who stepped back into the driveway.

"Exactly how many ghosts do you reckon are in here, anyway?" he asked, his face going white.

"Hmm, well the figures are very high," said Egon. "They seem to be increasing exponentially in relation to..."

"He means we've got a hard job on our hands," said Winston.

"Let's just go for it, okay?"

With Peter suddenly taking up the rear, The Real Ghostbusters stormed into the hallway, to be greeted by the three

WIN WIN WIN A MOUNTAIN BIKE!



If you thought that the only chance of getting a fabulous, cool new mountain bike was on your birthday, then boy, have we got news for you! You see, this month it's **SLUSH PUPPIE's 21st birthday** and to celebrate, he's teaming up with **RALEIGH**, Britain's biggest and best bicycle manufacturer to give away a magnificent mountain bike to one lucky reader. And if that isn't enough, Slush Puppie's being cooler than cool by launching a fantastic new flavour to add to the scrummy range of ice crystal drinks already available. To celebrate this latest arrival, **BUBBLE YUM flavour**, Slush Puppie is also giving away **50** special limited edition baseball hats as runners up prizes. So how do you get your hands on one of these super cool goodies? The answer is simple! All you have to do is tick the correct answer to the three questions below, fill in the coupon with your name and address, and send it to:

SLUSH PUPPIE COMPETITION THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

MARVEL COMICS LTD.
13/15 ARUNDEL STREET,
LONDON WC2R 3DX

Entries should arrive no later than **FRIDAY 16th AUGUST 1991.**

The first correct entries drawn after that date will be the lucky winners.

Name:
Address:

1. The annual UK consumption of Slush Puppie could fill a Slush Puppie cup larger than:

- a. Wembley Stadium
- b. Great Britain
- c. The Atlantic Ocean

☐
☐
☐

2. Slush Puppie's favourite food is:

- a. Old socks
- b. Tapioca pudding.
- c. Treacle pudding and custard flavoured dog biscuits.

☐
☐
☐

3. Which of these is a true Slush Puppie flavour:

- a. Rip Roaring Raspberry
- b. Snappy Strawberry
- c. Both of the above

☐
☐
☐

RULES: The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees of Slush Puppie, Raleigh or Marvel Comics Ltd., and their families. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

DEAD TRUE!



ust over twenty years ago a young couple from Boston moved into a ridiculously low priced house on Cape Cod. The place was an absolute bargain and so they laughingly asked the estate agent if it was haunted. They had been joking, but later on they were to remember the strange look that the property salesman had on his face when they had asked him. For the first few weeks they were so busy entertaining and sorting themselves out that they usually fell straight to sleep at night, and on the third Saturday they retired early in order to leave on a boat trip early the next day. The pair were awoken about one o'clock in the morning, by the sound of a door slamming and then the heavy breathing of someone carrying something heavy. Dragging

noises seemed to be coming from the room next door, and presuming that it was a burglar, the husband went to investigate. He tiptoed out of bed, picked the biggest golf club he could find and slowly opened the door to the next room. The man's blood ran cold at what he saw and he dropped the club in terror. He slammed the door and staggered back to the bedroom where his wife was waiting. The man just stood there trembling and shaking his head in disbelief and so the woman bravely ran to the door and flung it open. There was nothing in there. The room was empty and dark, and so, confused, the man explained what he had seen: a young looking man with a moustache and a goatee beard had been tying a rope around the wrists of a corpse. A flickering candle on the edge of a table lit the room with an eerie

yellow glow. Next day, the couple investigated the story of the house, and soon they found that it had once been owned by a young doctor who needed a corpse for study purposes before he could perform an operation. Eventually he stole one from a nearby graveyard since he couldn't obtain one legally. He had dragged the body up the stairs, tied its wrists and suspended it from the ceiling. Somehow, one of the corpse's hands had come free and fell, snuffing out the only candle in the room. So startled was the doctor, that he went mad. The next morning when someone paid him a visit, they found him crouching in a corner, wide-eyed and gibbering, while the corpse's hand dangled on the candle. The doctor died soon after, but a ghostly re-run of the events that drove him mad appeared to future inhabitants.



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS CARNIVAL

STORY BY JAMES VAN HISE
PENCILS BY NEIL GRAHAME
INKED BY JIM BROZMAN
PAINTED BY SUZANNE DECHNIK,
KELLY KINSEY AND H. SANFELIPPO
LETTERS BY JOSEPH ALLEN



THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN AND THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE ON THE SCENE AND ON DUTY.

BOY, SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE, THEY JUST ADAPT.

YEAH, THE PENNY ARCADE HAS VIDEO GAMES ON IT.

AND THE STEAM ORGAN PLAYS HEAVY METAL MUSIC.

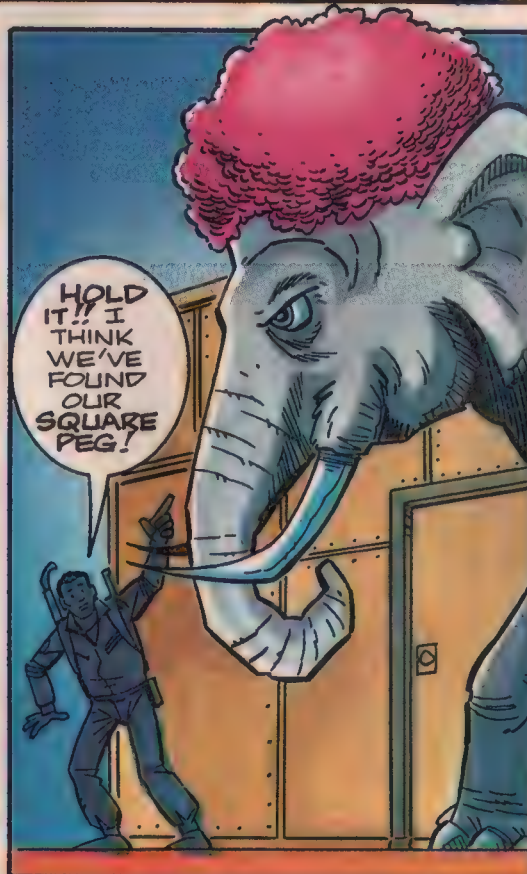


BUT MOST CIRCUSES DON'T HAVE A SHAPE-CHANGER HIDING AMONG THE PERFORMERS.

WHEN YOU'RE A GHOST WITH FUZZY PINK HAIR, IT'S HARD TO GET A NINE-TO-FIVE JOB.

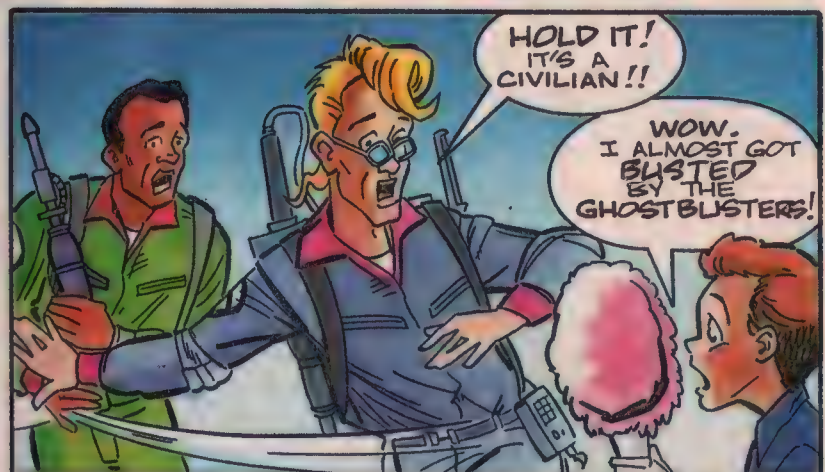
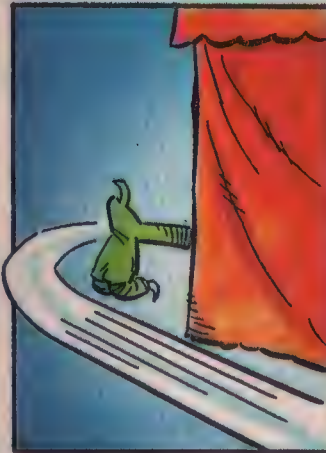
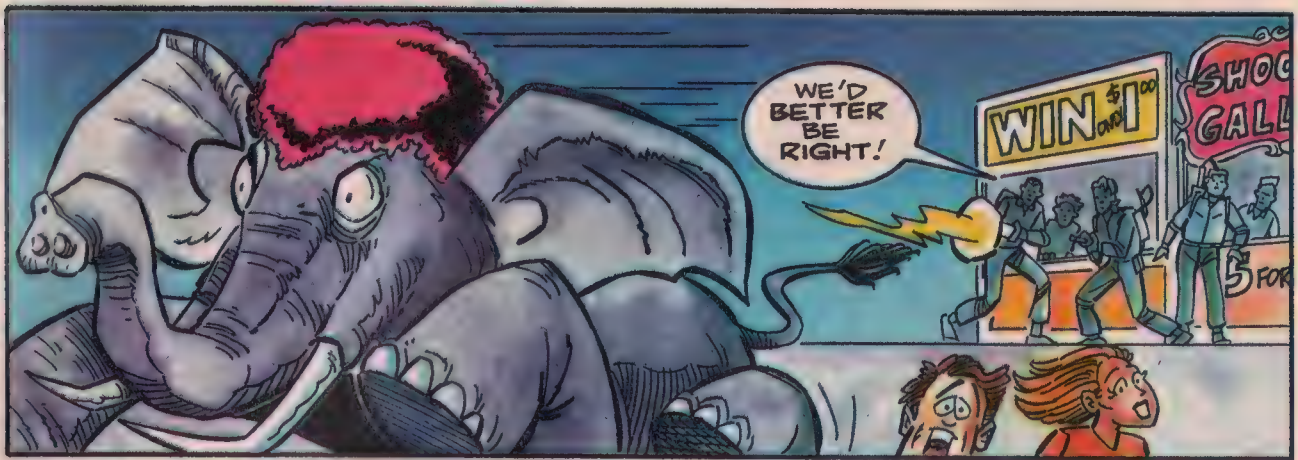


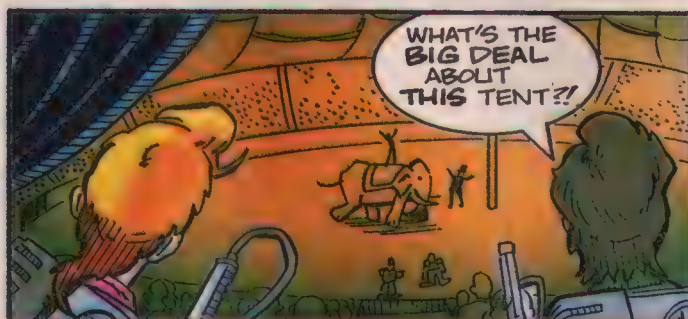
HOLD IT! I THINK WE'VE FOUND OUR SQUARE PEG!

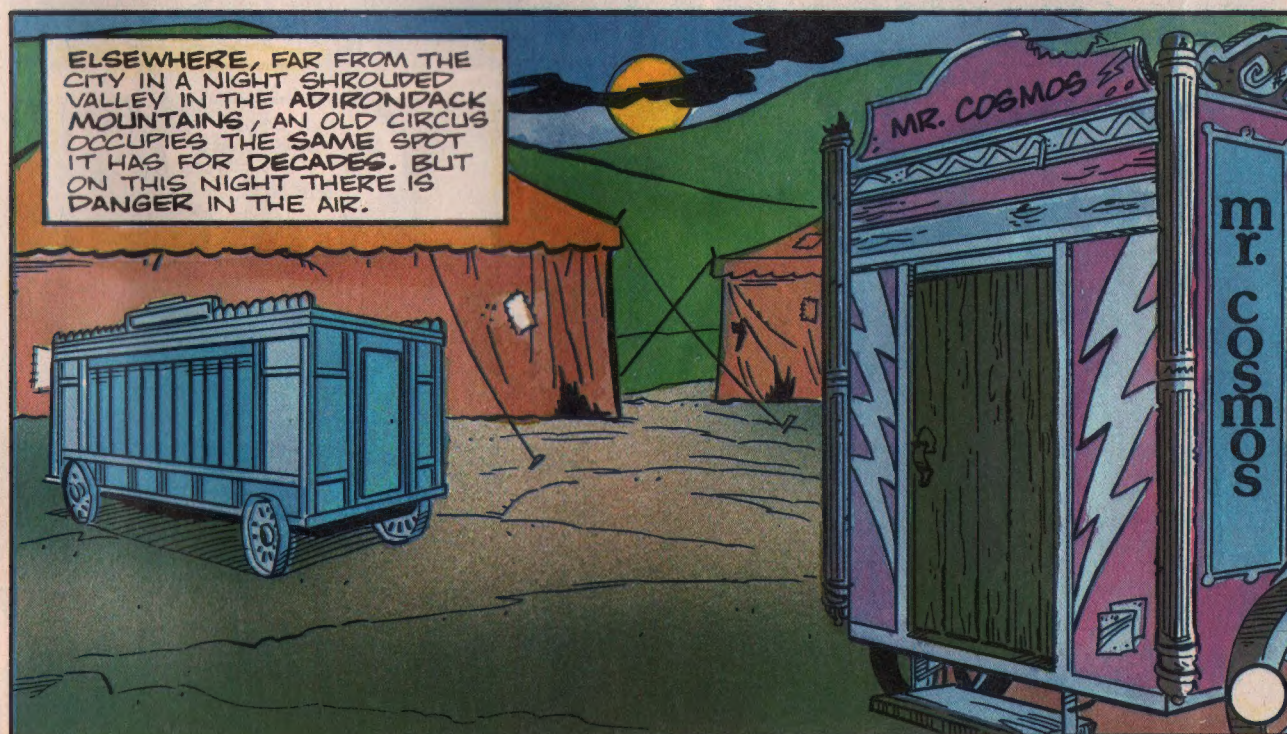
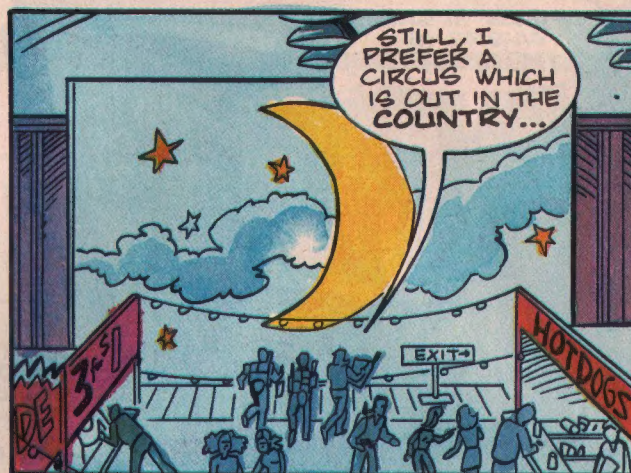


MAYBE IT'S A PUNK ROCK ELEPHANT. YOU KNOW, ADAPTING TO THE TIMES AND ALL THAT?!











More Ghostbusting action next week!

SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

**BLIMEY!
IT'S...**

SLIMER

**SLIMER IS THROWING
A WOBBLY...**



**OOER! WHATTY IS
THAT? IS ITTY A
MONSTER?**

A GHOUL?

A VAMPIRE?

**SPOOKY
INNIT?**

BUT...



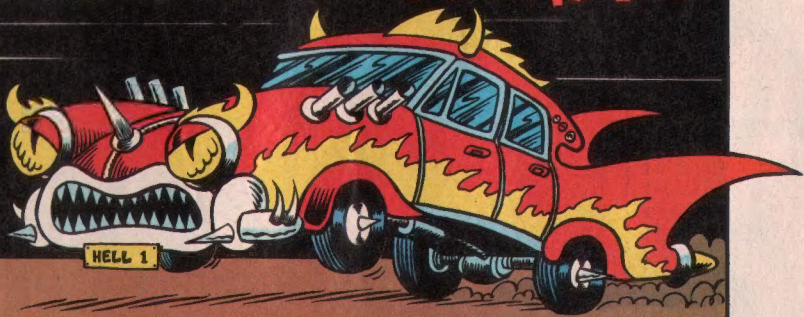
VRMMMMM!

**DER! IT'S OKEY
DOKEY! ITTY JUST
A CAR!!**

BUT THEN AGAIN...



**YEOW! ITTY IS A MONSTER!
AND ITTY IS A CAR!**



VROWRRRRR!

BAMBOS!

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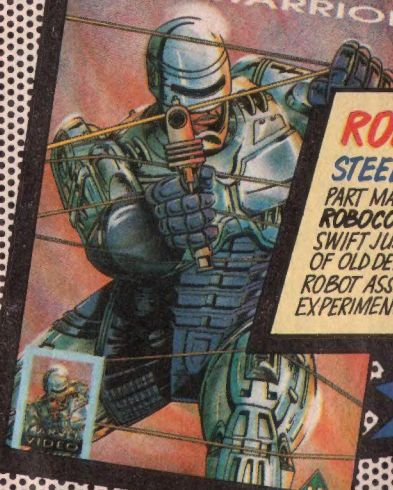
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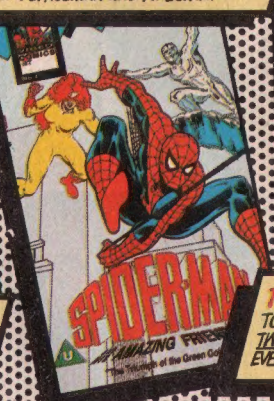
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